MARVEL
031
SPURRIER
LAISO
BROCCARDO
ROSENBERG
STAR WARS™
DOCTOR APHRA

WORST AMONG EQUALS
Part VI

Doctor Aphra is on the run! Implanted with a proximity bomb by the vile Cornelius Evazan, she's forced to stay close to her nemesis, Triple-Zero, or they will both face an explosive death. The two must travel to the only specialist on Milvayne who can remove the bombs before the timer runs out!

Aphra's narrowly escaped the wrath of the Force-fungus-powered vigilante Tam Posla and the monster hunters Winloss and Nokk, all the while drawing the growing attention of the Empire. Their struggles have won over the people of the planet who have watched their every move through Triple-Zero's eye-feed.

After Aphra finally returned Triple-Zero's missing memories, the murder-droid regained the knowledge of his ancient origin as...nothing but a mistake. Utterly disappointed and with no will to live, Triple-Zero decides to literally walk away from it all...triggering the bombs!

SIMON SPURRIER
Writer

EMILIO LAISO & ANDREA BROCCARDO
Artists

RACHELLE ROSENBERG
Colorist

VC's JOE CARAMAGNA
Letterer

ASHLEY WITTER
Cover Artist

GIUSEPPE CAMUNCOLI & JEAN FRANÇOIS BEAULIEU
Greatest Moments Variant Cover Artist

TOM GRONEMAN
Assistant Editor

MARK PANICCIA
Editor

C.B. CEBULSKI
Editor In Chief

JOE QUESADA
Chief Creative Officer

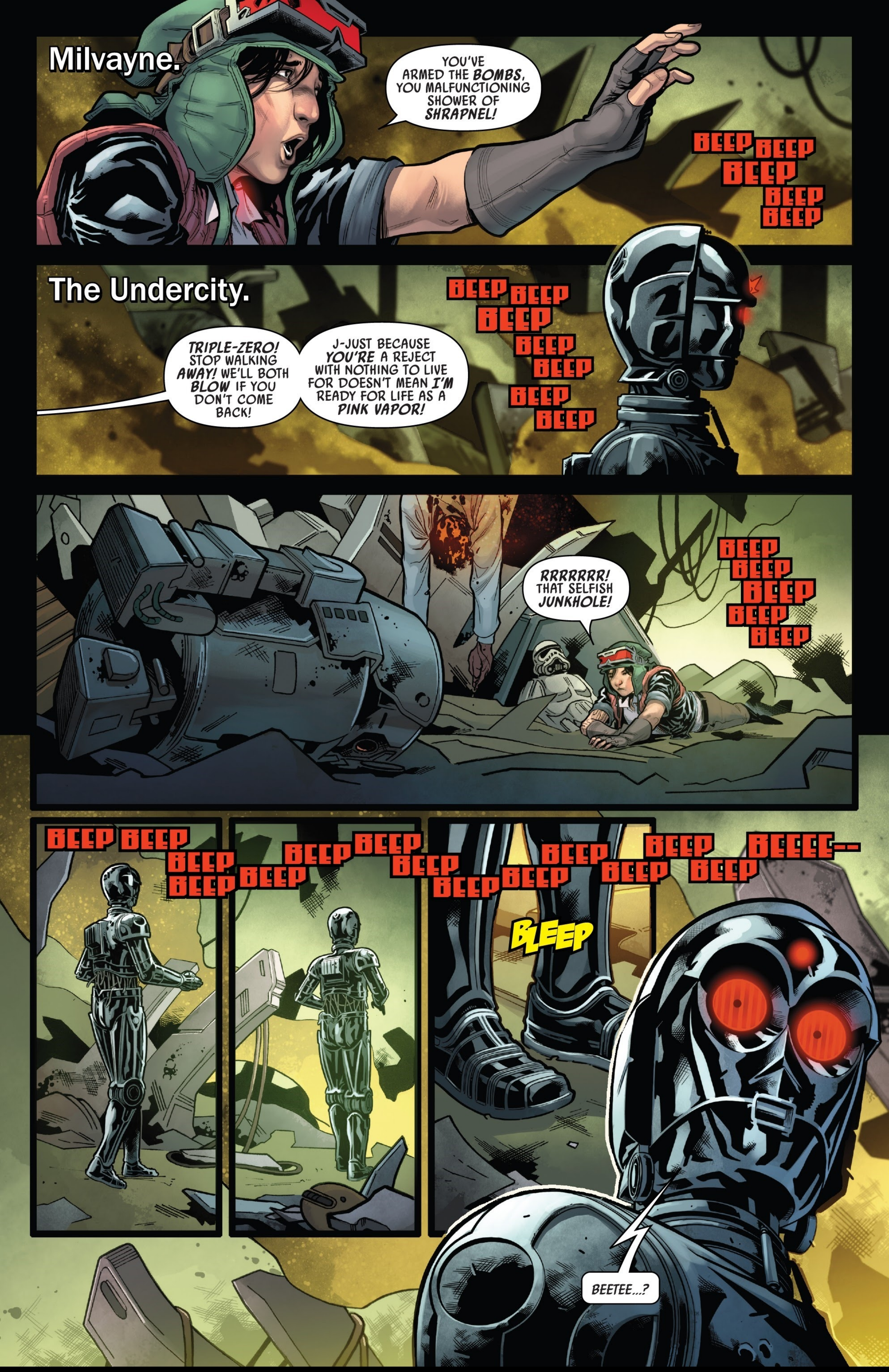
DAN BUCKLEY
President

Very Special Thanks — KIERON GILLEN

For Lucasfilm:
Senior Editor ROBERT SIMPSON
Creative Director MICHAEL SIGLAIN
Lucasfilm Story Group JAMES WAUGH, LELAND CHEE, MATT MARTIN
Lucasfilm Art Department PHIL SZOSTAK

STAR WARS and related text and illustrations are trademarks and/or copyrights, in the United States and other countries, of Lucasfilm Ltd. and/or its affiliates. © & TM Lucasfilm Ltd. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Marvel and its logos are TM Marvel Characters, Inc. WWW.MARVEL.COM

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline



Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

STAN'S SOAPBOX · OCTOBER 1967

STAN'S SOAPBOX!

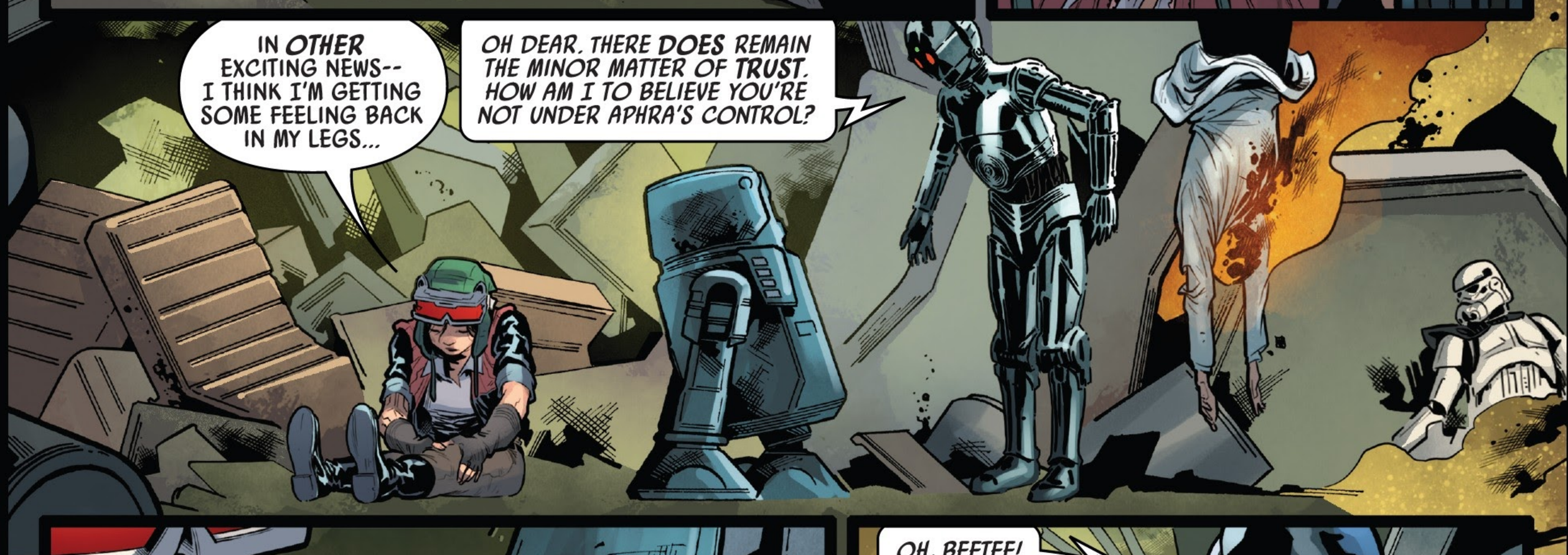
Many of you unsung heroes have written to ask how we really feel about our own mags. You've inquired whether we take them seriously, or just treat 'em as a patently pointless put-on! Well, just for the record, Charlie, we BELIEVE in our swingin' superheroes! We created them—we live with their adventures—their hang-ups—almost 24 hours a day. We know 'em as well as we know our families . . . and better than we know Irving Forbush! No, literature lover, our fearless little fables are NOT put-ons! To us, they're what's happening, baby! It's the REAL world we have our doubts about—but that's another story! Till next month then, Face Front! That's where the action is!

STAN LEE
FOREVER

BLEEP BLEEP BLEEEEEP
BEETEE-ONE?
OHHHHH, THANK THE STARS...
BLIP!

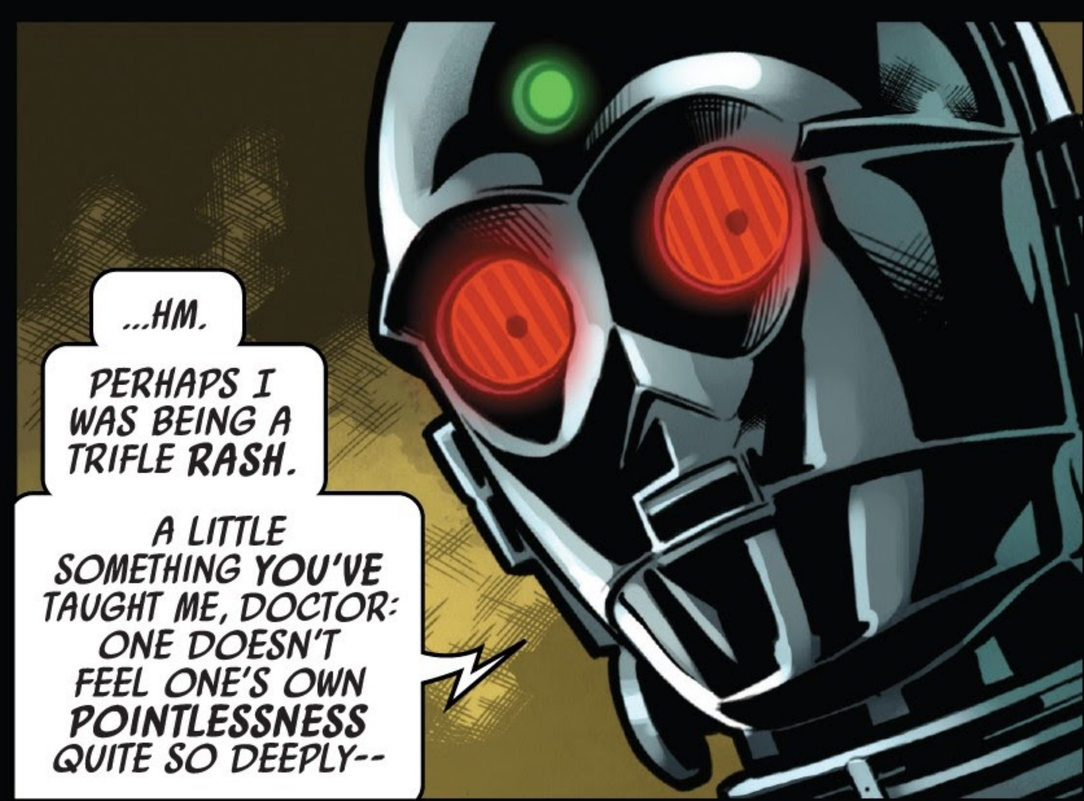
BUT--BUT YOU WERE STRUCK BY AN ION DEVICE! YOU WERE BEYOND REPAIR!
I FIGURED MAYBE THERE WAS SOME CHARGE LEFT IN HIS LOGIC MATRIX.
NOT LIKE THE MANIAC EVER USES IT.
BLEEP

SHOULDA TAKEN HOURS TO CALIBRATE, BUT--WELL.
I GUESS I WORK WELL UNDER PRESSURE, HUH?


IN OTHER EXCITING NEWS-- I THINK I'M GETTING SOME FEELING BACK IN MY LEGS...
OH DEAR. THERE DOES REMAIN THE MINOR MATTER OF TRUST. HOW AM I TO BELIEVE YOU'RE NOT UNDER APHRA'S CONTROL?

AAAAH, DAMMIT!
FUT!

OH, BEETEE! IT IS YOU!
D-DOES-- AAOOW--DOES THAT MEAN YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL YOURSELF?


...HM.
PERHAPS I WAS BEING A TRIFLE RASH.
A LITTLE SOMETHING YOU'VE TAUGHT ME, DOCTOR: ONE DOESN'T FEEL ONE'S OWN POINTLESSNESS QUITE SO DEEPLY--

AWWW!
--WHEN ONE HAS COMRADES TO SHARE IT WITH.
Currently Watching:
AWWW!
All Of Milvayne...
AWWW!
AWWW!
NURRRR-RK-RK-UT!
YES, YES, OLD FRIEND, THE DEPLORABLE SLAUGHTER GADGET MAKES A HEARTWARMING POINT.
IT IS VERY DISAPPOINTING.
...Doctor Cornelius Evazan And Ponda Baba...
...Among Others...
HM.
OW. OW. OW.
OH! BLESS MY CIRCUITS! BLOOD IN THE AIR, THE MOANS OF A WOUNDED ORGANIC AND THE CRIES OF MISERABLE NOBODIES...
IT'S LIKE COMING HOME!
BLEEP

WELL, YES, BEETEE, I CONCEDE IT WOULD BE BETTER IF THEY WERE SCREAMING INSTEAD OF CHEERING, BUT ONE CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING.
H-HE'S-- NFF--HE'S TOO SLOW, TRIP! WE WON'T GET TO PROFESSOR PREXO IN TIME!

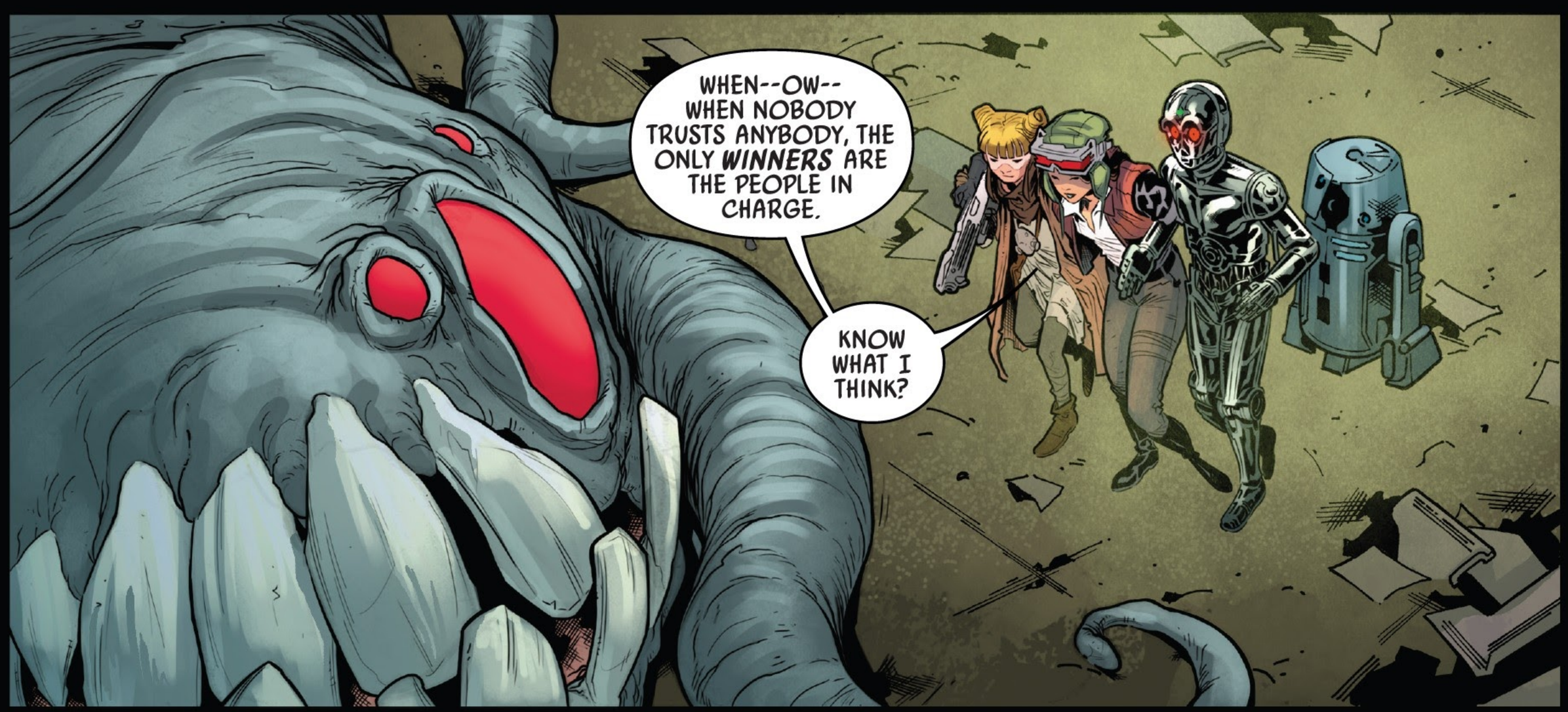
I'M PERFECTLY AWARE OF THAT, DOCTOR. ON THE OTHER HAND, THE POOR CHAP'S ONLY JUST COME BACK TO LIFE.
IF YOU MAKE HIM FEEL INADEQUATE HE'S LIABLE TO SET FIRE TO YOUR EYEBALLS--AND HONESTLY, WHO COULD BLAME HIM?

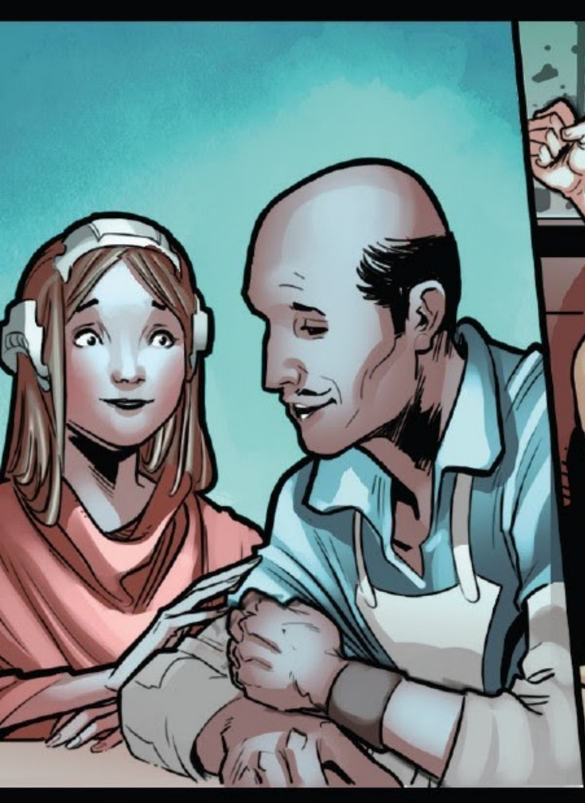
C-COULD, UM...
COULD YOU USE A LIFT?
RK-CHKK
SNKT
KLAK
LOOK, I'M--I'M SORRY I SNITCHED ON YOU. THE IMPS OFFERED ME A LOT OF STEW, OKAY? LIKE, A LOT. WITH VEGETABLES AND EVERYTHING.
I MEAN, I'M STILL WAITING ON THEM TO ACTUALLY, YA KNOW, PAY UP, B-BUT--
SSSH. VULAADA, IT'S--IT'S OKAY.

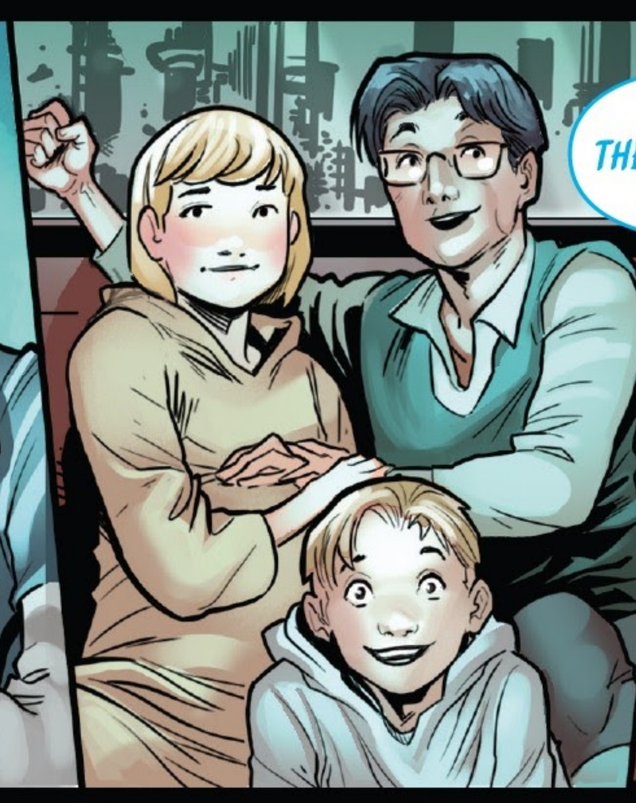
YOU'RE NOT MAD?
OF COURSE I AM.
BUT...

BUT SHE'S PAINFULLY AWARE SHE WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME IN YOUR POSITION. I IMAGINE SHE THINKS THIS MITIGATES YOUR TREACHERY.
I MEAN... WOW... THAT'S SOME IMPRESSIVE EMPATHIZING FOR A SOULLESS MONSTER, TRIP.

WHAT I WAS ACTUALLY GONNA SAY WAS: WE NEED THAT QABERWORM IF WE'RE GONNA GET TO THE CYBERDOC BEFORE WE EXPLODE. BUT... YEAH.
THAT OTHER STUFF TOO.


WHEN--OW-- WHEN NOBODY TRUSTS ANYBODY, THE ONLY WINNERS ARE THE PEOPLE IN CHARGE.
KNOW WHAT I THINK?





SCREW THE PEOPLE IN CHARGE.

"BEGIN RECORDING.
"PERSONAL LOG #345-88. ENCRYPTION LEVEL: HIGHEST. MY EYES ONLY.
"THE CIRCUMSTANCES BY WHICH A PAIR OF OUTLAWS COULD SO PROFOUNDLY DESTABILIZE A PLANET'S OBEDIENCE INDEX HAVE MUCH TO TEACH US.
THERE! THAT'S YOUR CYBERSURGERY RIGHT THERE! Y-YOU STILL GOT TEN MINUTES!
I BELIEVE THERE'S A NOTE ON THE DOOR...
"FOR INSTANCE: IT'S CLEAR THAT THE HIGHS AND LOWS OF A POPULATION'S SHARED EXPERIENCE AFFECT THE SEVERITY OF ITS IMPACT.
"HENCE, A PUBLIC EVENT THAT LURCHES FROM TRIUMPH TO TRAGEDY--OR VICE VERSA--IS BOUND TO CAUSE TROUBLE.
"AWAY ON A WORK TRIP. PLEASE LEAVE DELIVERIES WITH THE NEIGHBOR. SIGNED: PROFESSOR PREXO.
"P.S.: NO JUNK MAIL."
#%%&.
AHEM.

"WITH HINDSIGHT THERE WERE...*CLEANER* WAYS...OF MANAGING THE SCENARIO.

END OF THE ROAD, MISCREANTS.

"WE'D TRIED VARIOUS FORMS OF CONTROLLING THE NARRATIVE, SUBTLE *AND* OTHERWISE, BUT... WELL...THINGS *ESCALATE.*

"BY THE TIME OF THE FINAL CONFRONTATION, OUR *PUBLIC RELATIONS* STRATEGISTS FELT A SHOW OF *OVERWEENING FORCE* REALLY WAS THE BEST WAY TO GO.

BEETEE-ONE? BE A GOOD FELLOW, WOULD YOU?

ANNIHILATE THEM.

BLEEP

"UNFORTUNATELY, THE ENEMY WAS OF A *SIMILAR* VIEW.

BLAM BLAM

"WE *KNEW*, OF COURSE, THAT THE NEWLY ANOINTED *FOLK HEROES* WOULD SOON BE BLOWN APART BY THEIR *IMPLANTS*. THIS PRESENTED ITS OWN PROBLEM.

"IN THE PROPAGANDA OF *ORDER*, IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO CRUSH REBELLION. REBELLION MUST BE *SEEN* BEING CRUSHED.

PEW PEW

"IT WAS THEREFORE MY COMMAND THAT THE FUGITIVES BE PUT DOWN AT IMPERIAL HANDS--IDEALLY THOSE OF THE LOCAL FORCES--

"--*BEFORE* THE BOMBS HAD A CHANCE TO DETONATE.

KA-BOOM

"I CAN ONLY ASSUME THIS IS WHY THE MORONIC *GARRISON COMMANDER* WAS NOT MORE SCRUPULOUS IN *VETTING* THE FORCES HE DEPLOYED.

JUSSSTICE...

"THE INDIVIDUAL KNOWN AS TAM POSLA APPEARED--ON FIRST INSPECTION--TO SHARE CERTAIN OF OUR GOALS--

STAND ASIDE! I MUST HAVE JUSTICE! I MUST HAVE ORDER!

JUSSSTICE!

"UNFORTUNATELY, IN THE GRIP OF SOME DREARILY INEFFICIENT ***MORAL CODE***, HE FAILED TO APPRECIATE THE MOST CRITICAL OBJECTIVE OF ALL:

I DO BEG YOUR PARDON--

--BUT SHALL WE TRY THIS AGAIN?

NRRRAAAAA--

FWOOOMPH

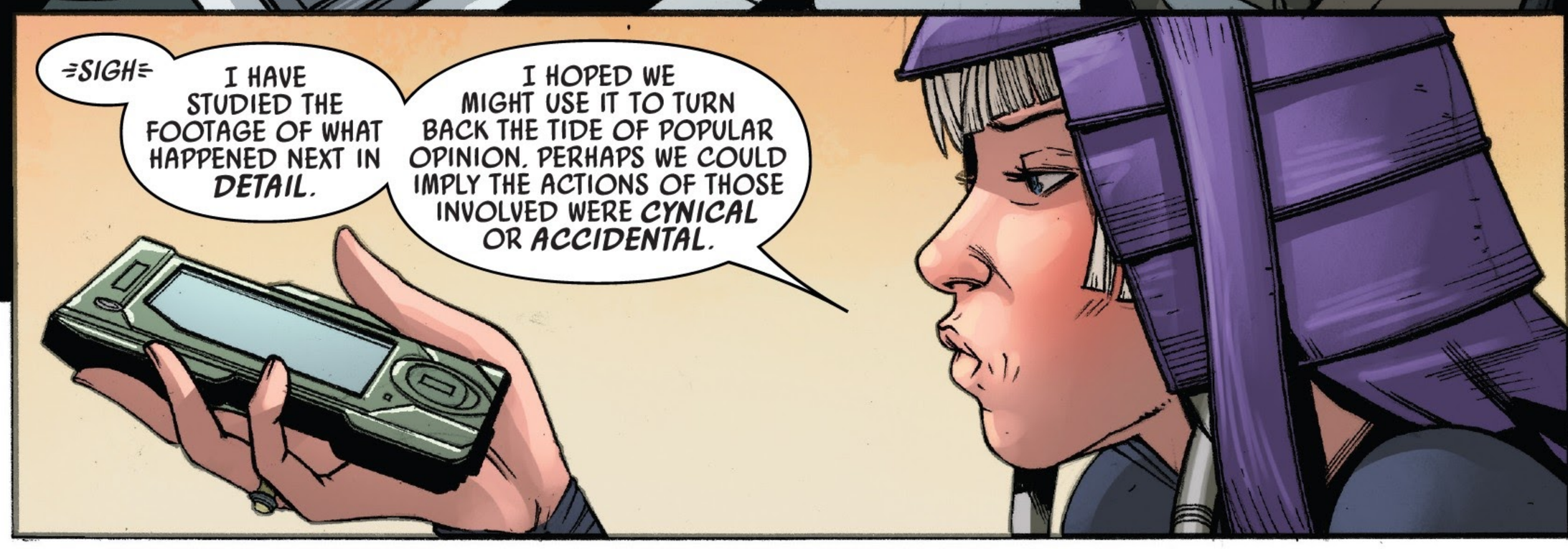
BROOM

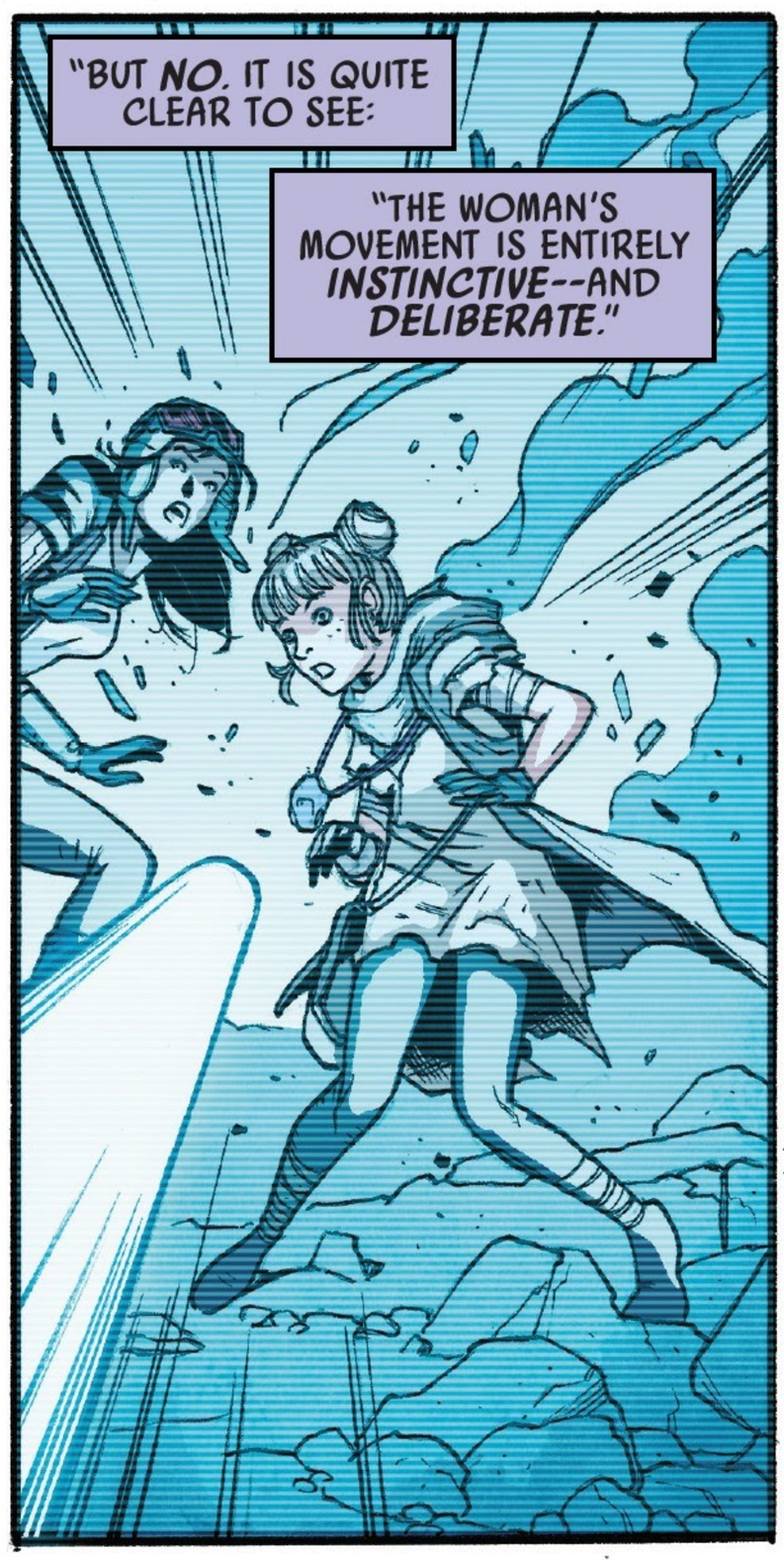
"GOOD OPTICS.

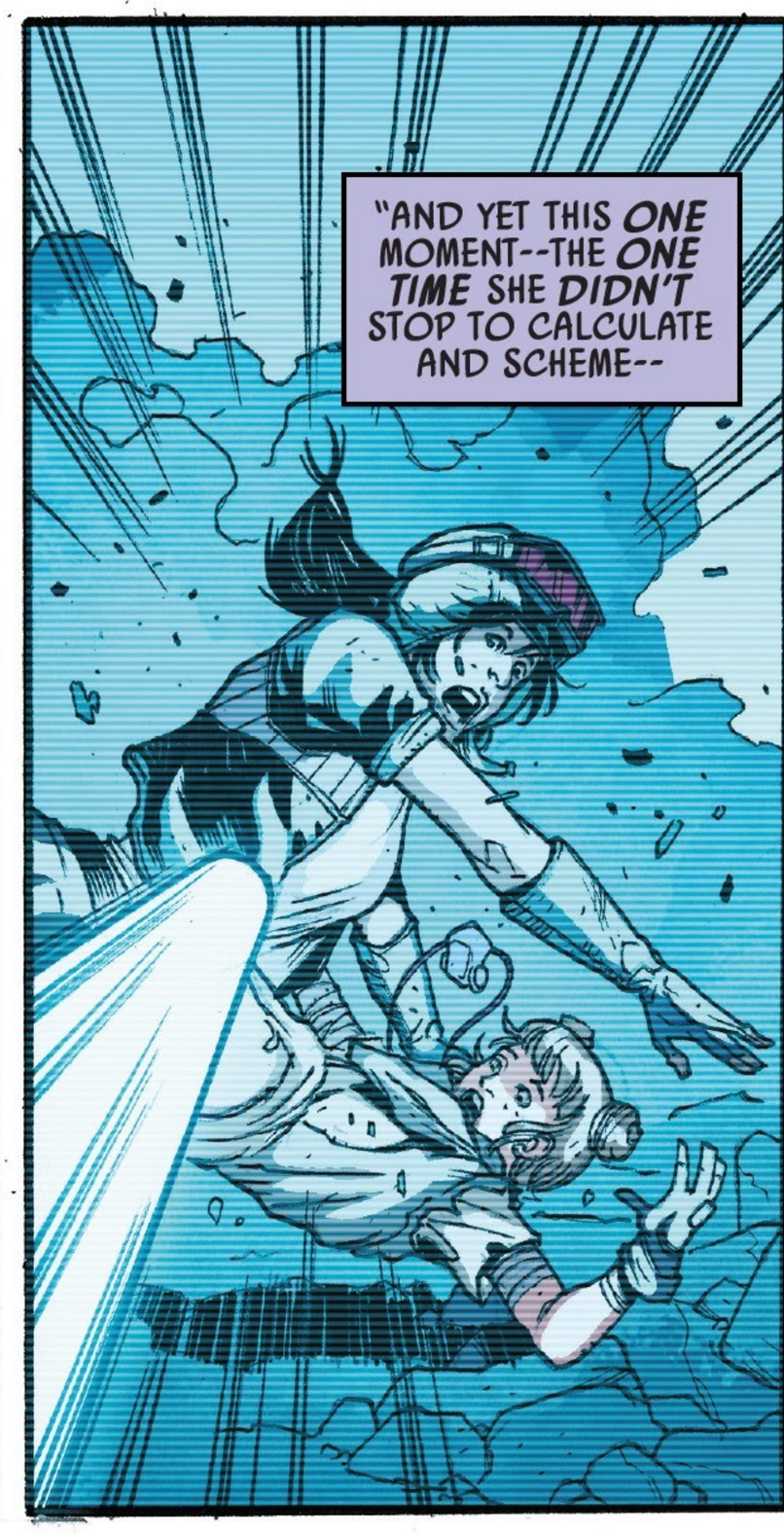
"IT'S LIKE I SAID--"

--THINGS ESCALATE.

Minister Pitina Voor.
Chair Of The Coalition For Progress. Coruscant.







"--IS THE ONE TIME SHE DID SOMETHING HEROIC.
FZZZAAAAAK
"WELL, NATURALLY THE MOBS WERE OUT WITHIN MOMENTS. FOLK HEROES ARE AT THEIR MOST POTENT WHEN THEY'RE BUSY COUGHING BLOOD.
"A MESSAGE OF SOLIDARITY AND SACRIFICE--UGH!--
"--ALLOWING THEM TO OVERCOME SUSPICION AND SELF-INTEREST.
"IN SHORT: THE MUCH-CELEBRATED PERFECTION OF MILVAYNE IS LOST--

"--THANKS ALMOST ENTIRELY TO THE ACTIONS OF A *REPROBATE* WITH UNFASHIONABLE TATTOOS AND A DEFECTIVE *BUTLER DROID*.

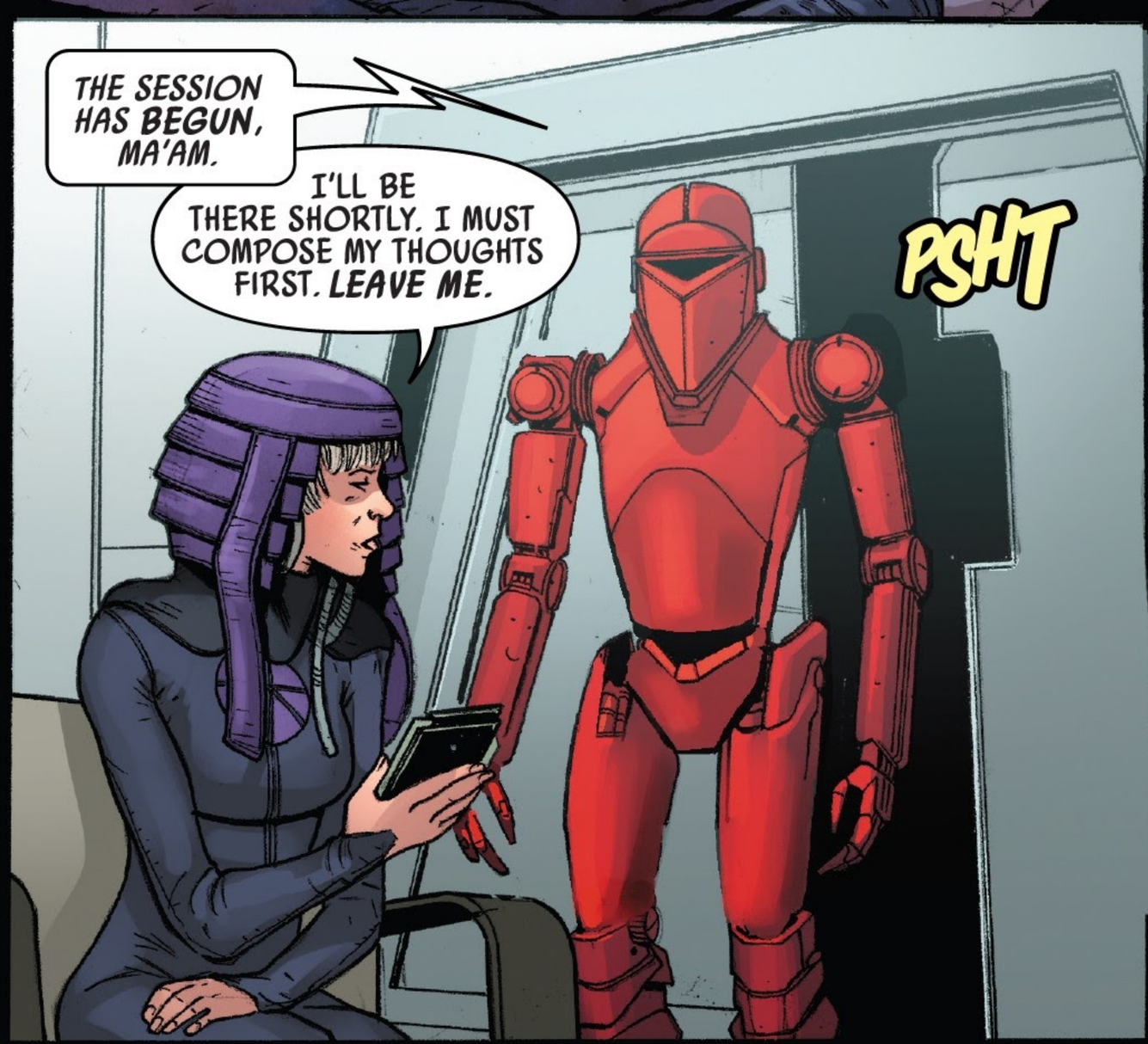
"A *DARK DAY* FOR IMPERIAL PROPAGANDA. A DARK DAY INDEED."

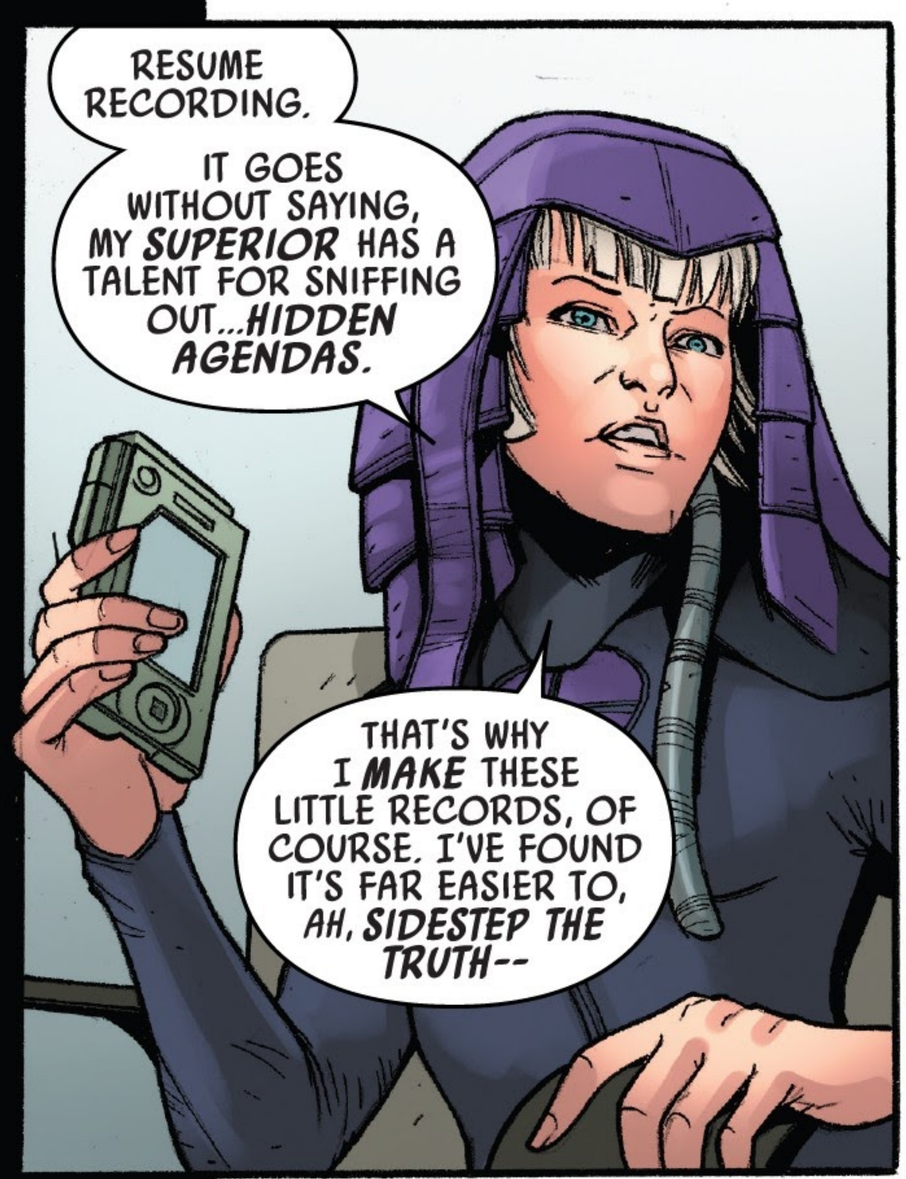
DOCTOR? WHY DID YOU DO THAT?

I G-GUESS I--*HKK*--W-WORK WELL UNDER *PRESSURE*.

NATURALLY THE *DETAILS* WILL BE SUPPRESSED. ANY LEAKED WORD OF *HOSTILITIES* CAN BE BLAMED ON *REBEL EXTREMISTS* AND THE INEPTITUDE OF LOCAL *PEACEKEEPERS*.

I'VE COME *TOO FAR* TO LET THE *OTHER* MINISTERS USE THIS AS *LEVERAGE* AGAINST ME.





Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

THERE WE GO. BOMBS'RE DEACTIVATED.
BRUTES! CENSORS! BARBARIANS! YOU'VE RUINED PURE ART!
Winloss And Nokk.
Always Catch The Real Monster In The End.
THONK
QUIET, YOU.
THAT DAMN WOMAN WAS RIGHT, HON. THESE SLOBS GOT NO MONEY. WOULDNA PAID US EVEN IF WE HAD KILLED HER.

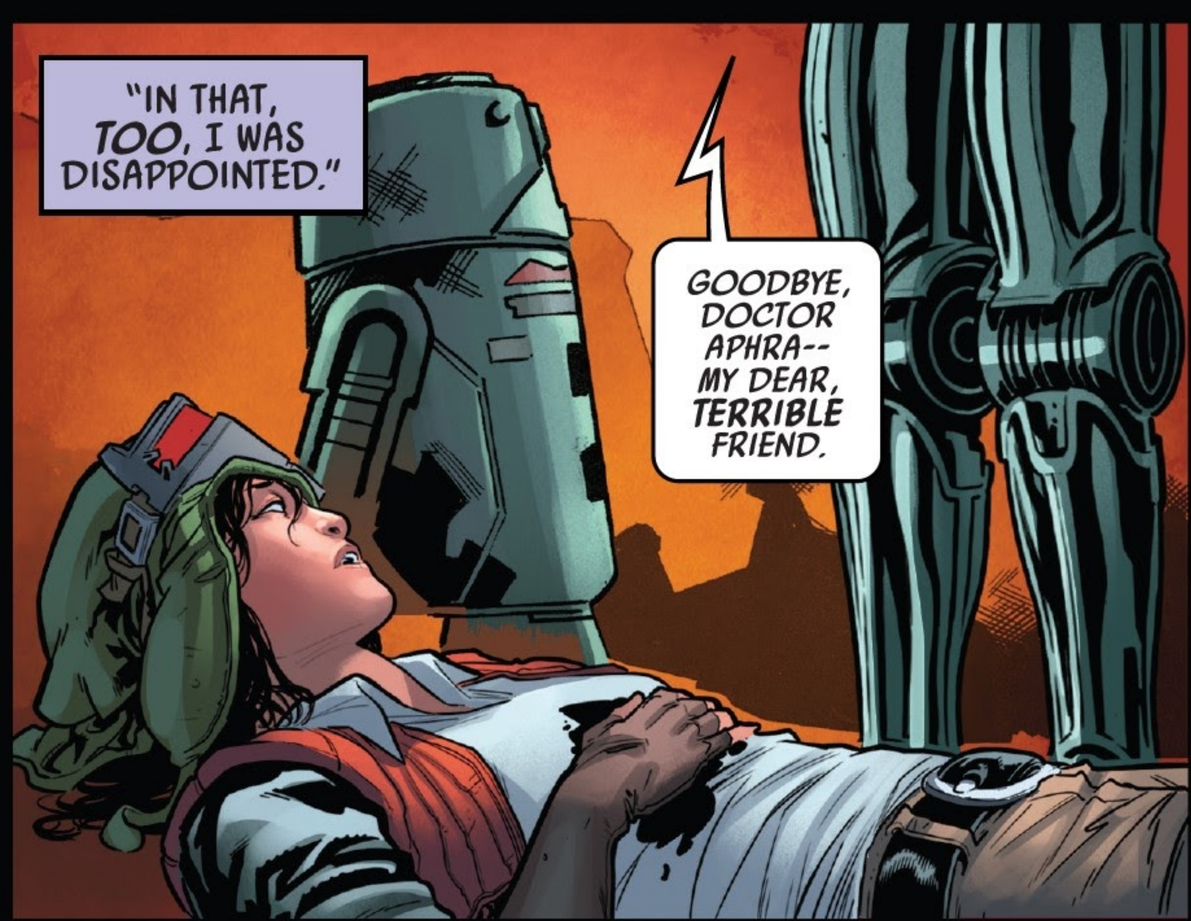
HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT YOU WERE RIGHT TO BELIEVE HER.
SKRIVKKCH
NR-RK? UT UT? AART!
PFT. HOW DO YOU THINK WE FOUND YOU, IDIOT?
PROFESSOR PREXO. ONLY CYBERDOC ON MILVAYNE SMART ENOUGH TO TRACE THE BROADCAST SIGNAL BACK TO THE SOURCE. WE SIMPLY GOT TO HIM BEFORE APHRA COULD.
HULLO.
A STUPID HUNTER CHASES HER PREY. A GOOD HUNTER KNOWS WHERE IT'S HEADED.
AND HEY, IF YOU KNOW YOU'RE GONNA GET BETRAYED--
--YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET IN THERE FIRST.
AAAOOOW!
KILL THE BROADCAST TECH, PROFESSOR.
"I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF THAT DREADFUL WOMAN TO LAST A LIFETIME."
I'M NOT QUITE SURE HOW, DOCTOR, BUT MY DIAGNOSTIC ANALYSIS IS QUITE CLEAR:
THE BOMBS ARE INERT.

WH... WH...WHAT NOW...?
HM. THIS DOES RATHER CHANGE THINGS, DOESN'T IT?

"I CONFESS I HAD HOPED FOR ONE LAST LITTLE BETRAYAL BEFORE THE SIGNAL DIED.
"ONE FINAL ACT OF SADISM AND TREACHERY TO SEND THE MOB SCUTTLING HOME, DOUBTING THEIR NEWFOUND IDEALS...

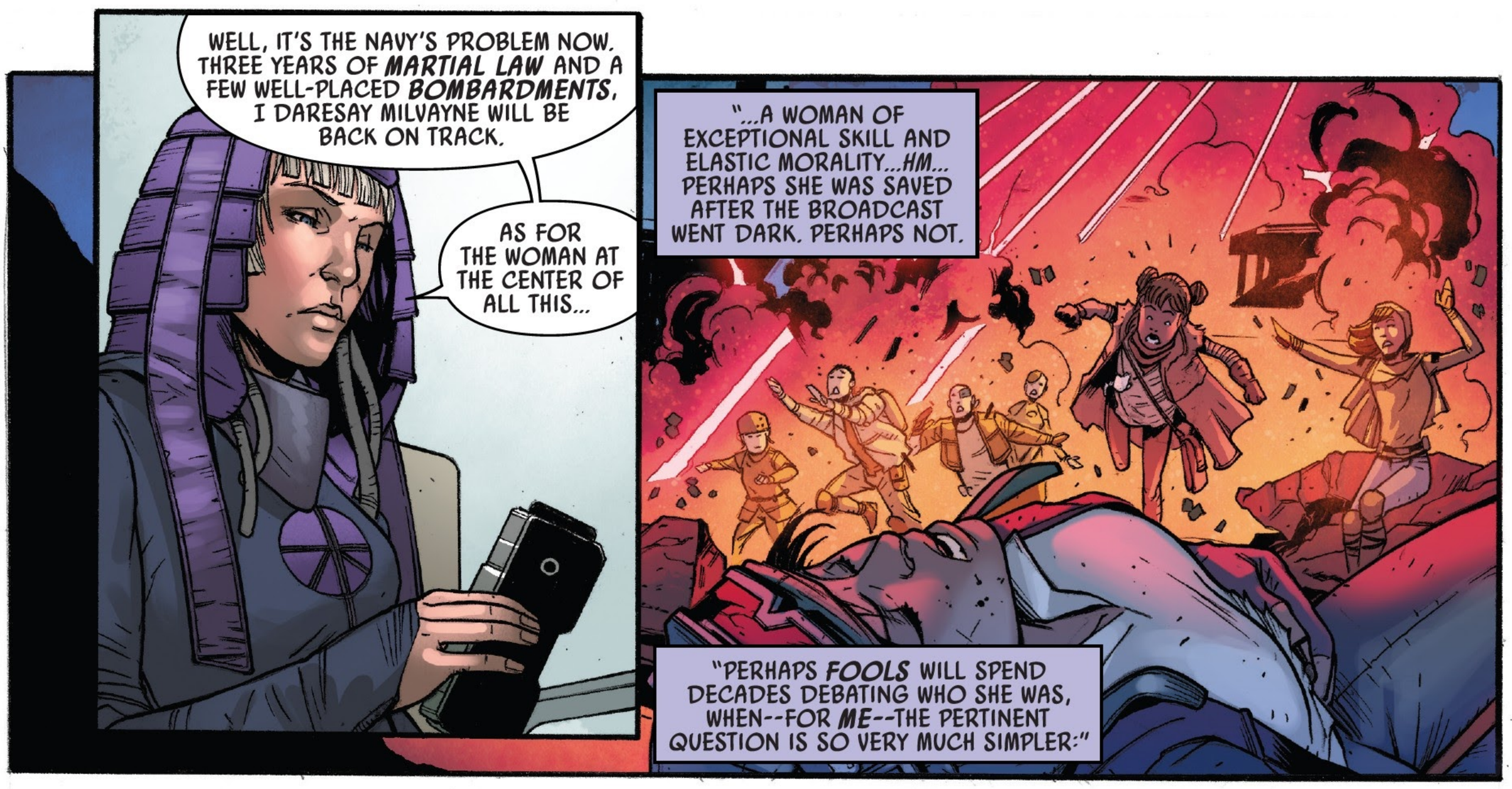
KLK
KLT

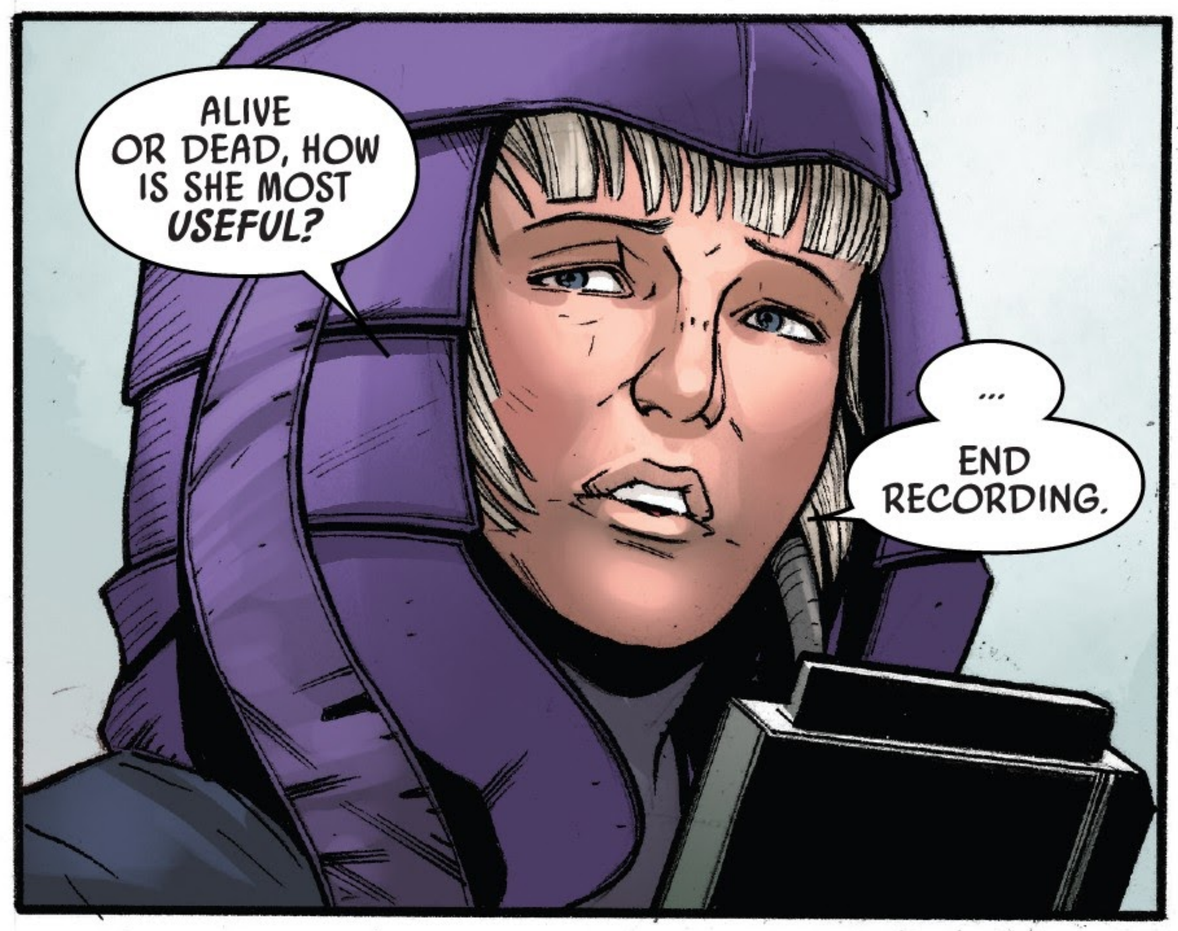
WWP

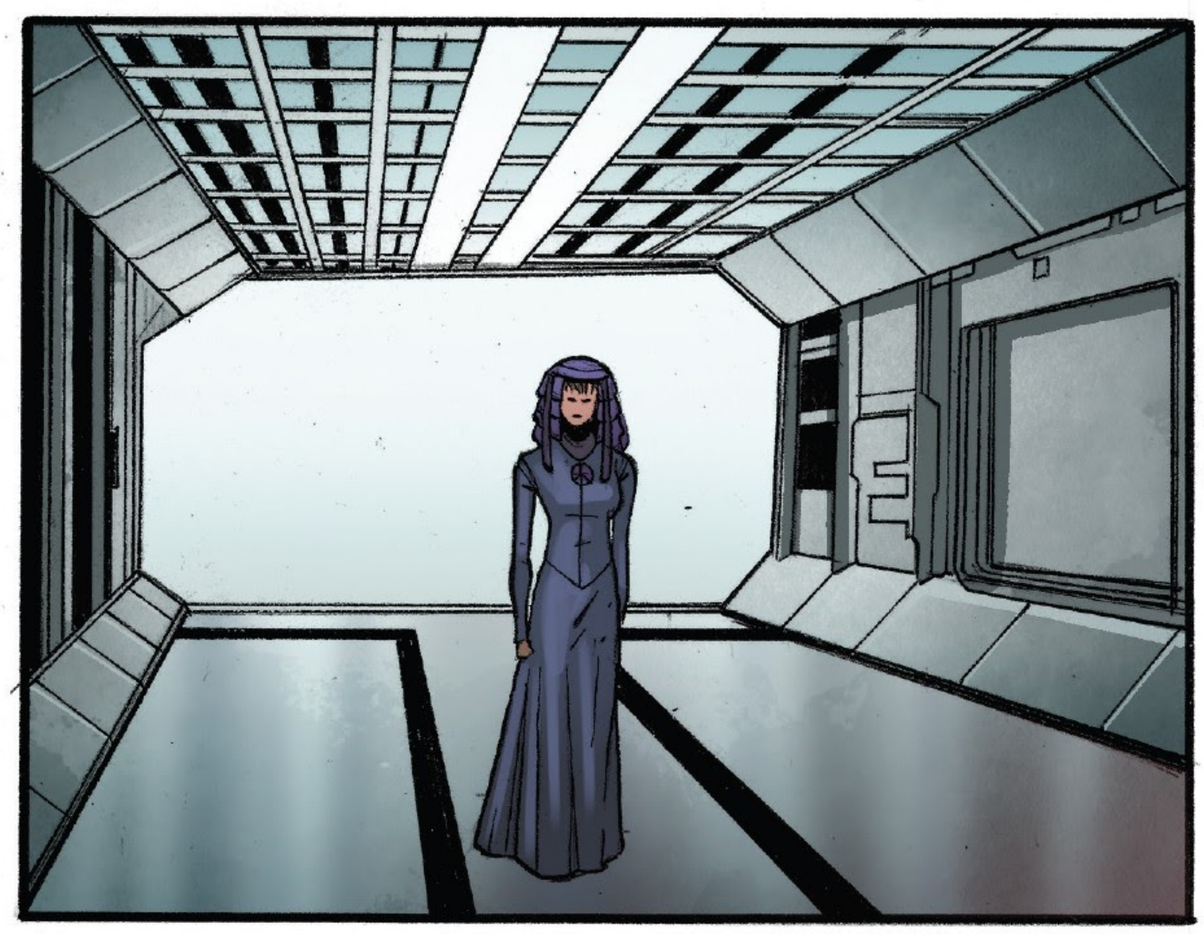

"IN THAT, TOO, I WAS DISAPPOINTED."
GOODBYE, DOCTOR APHRA-- MY DEAR, TERRIBLE FRIEND.

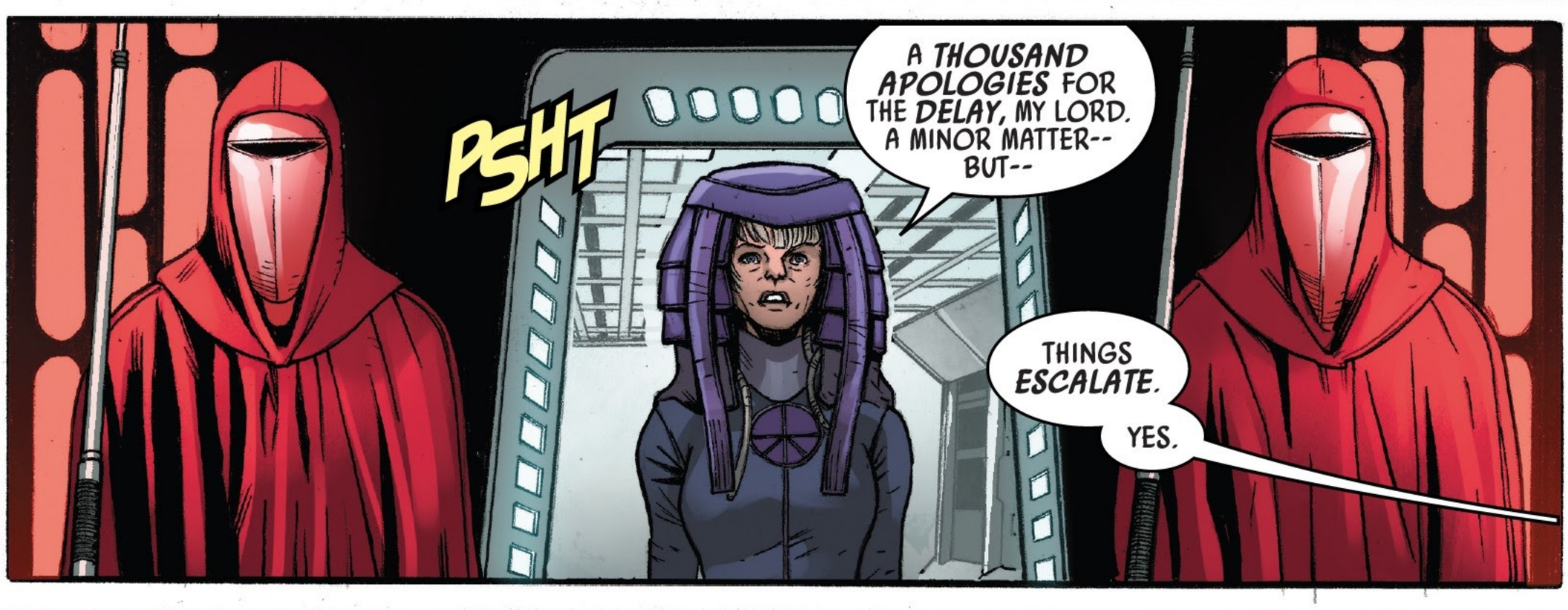
AND GOOD LUCK.

"AND THAT'S WHEN THE BROADCAST WENT DEAD.
"A WHOLE POPULATION LEFT BELIEVING THAT A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL CAN AFFECT THE WHOLE WORLD.
"ALL PERFECTLY DISGUSTING, AND NATURALLY IT CAN'T BE TOLERATED."


WELL, IT'S THE NAVY'S PROBLEM NOW. THREE YEARS OF MARTIAL LAW AND A FEW WELL-PLACED BOMBARDMENTS, I DARESAY MILVAYNE WILL BE BACK ON TRACK.
AS FOR THE WOMAN AT THE CENTER OF ALL THIS...
"...A WOMAN OF EXCEPTIONAL SKILL AND ELASTIC MORALITY...HM... PERHAPS SHE WAS SAVED AFTER THE BROADCAST WENT DARK. PERHAPS NOT.
"PERHAPS FOOLS WILL SPEND DECADES DEBATING WHO SHE WAS, WHEN--FOR ME--THE PERTINENT QUESTION IS SO VERY MUCH SIMPLER:"


ALIVE OR DEAD, HOW IS SHE MOST USEFUL?
...
END RECORDING.

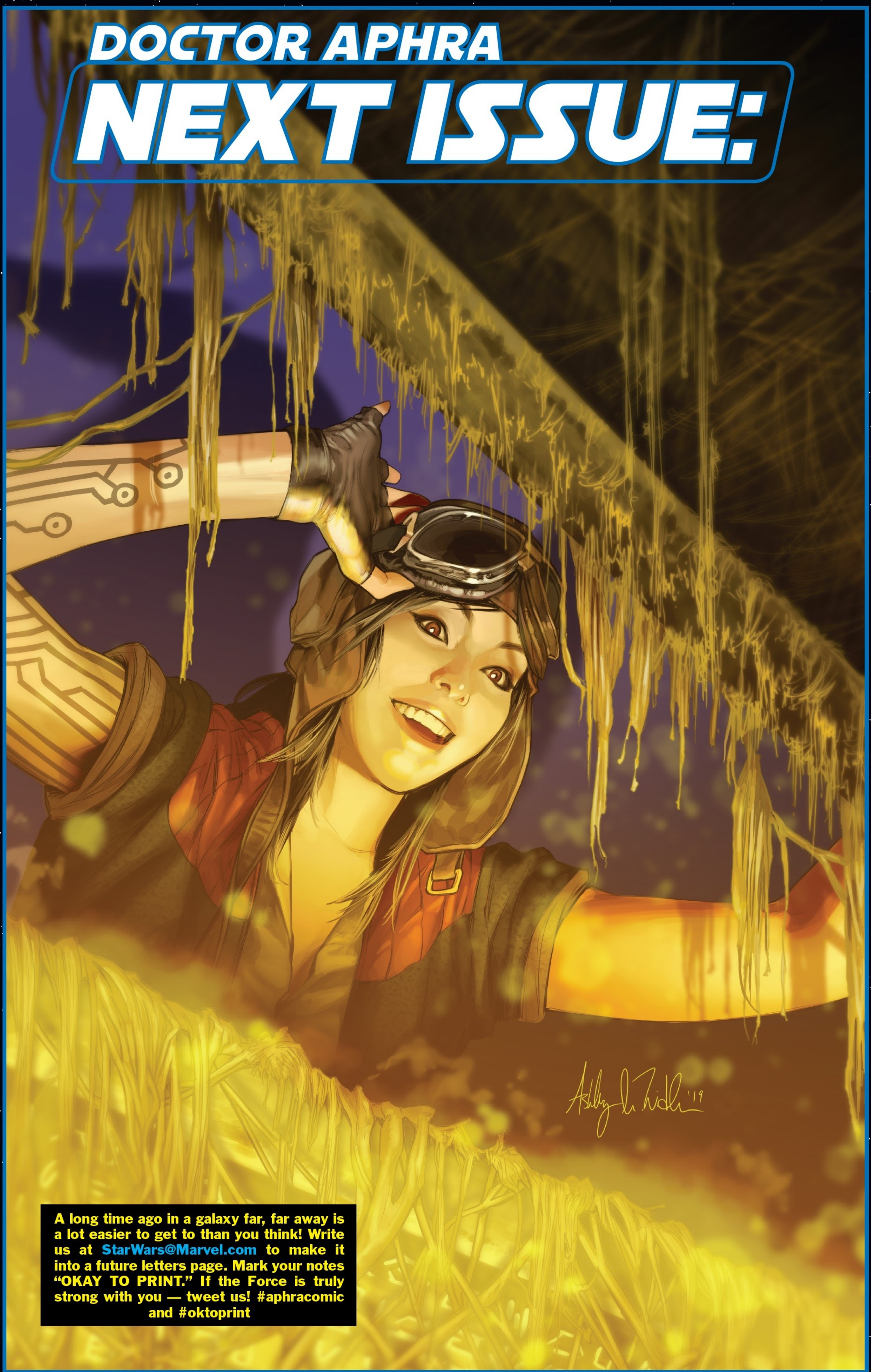



PSHT
A THOUSAND APOLOGIES FOR THE DELAY, MY LORD. A MINOR MATTER-- BUT--
THINGS ESCALATE.
YES.

SSHK
Q-QUITE SO. I DARED NOT LEAVE IT TO UNDERLINGS TO RESOLVE.
HENNHHH. YOU SEE, MY FRIENDS? MINISTER VOOR HAS ALWAYS BEEN SWIFT TO EMBRACE MY DOCTRINE.

IT DOES NOT PAY TO *RELY* UPON LESSER SOULS.
AND *TRUST?*
"*TRUST* IS THE PRESERVE OF *FOOLS* AND *CORPSES*."
The End?!

DOCTOR APHRA
NEXT ISSUE:



A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away is a lot easier to get to than you think! Write us at StarWars@Marvel.com to make it into a future letters page. Mark your notes "OKAY TO PRINT." If the Force is truly strong with you — tweet us! #aphracomic and #oktoprint